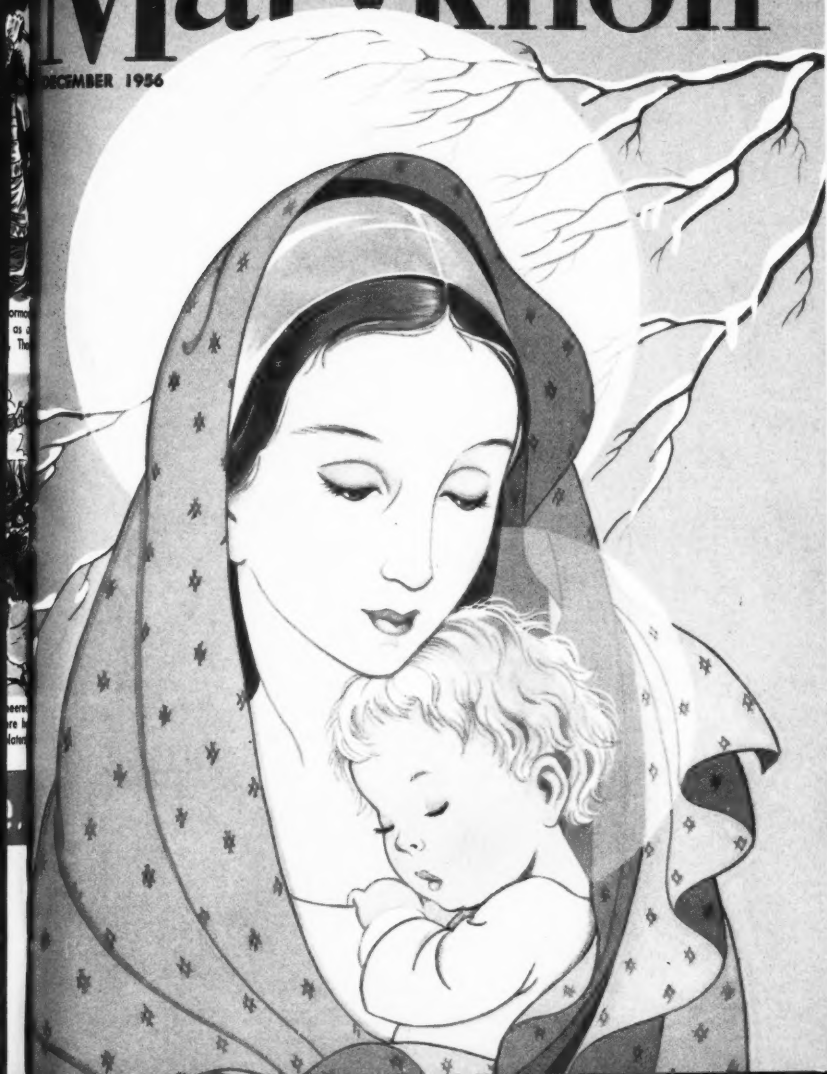


THE FIELD AFAR

Marvknoll

DECEMBER 1956





"NO PICTURES, PLEASE!" seems to be the plea of this Moroccan miss. Catholicism has made few inroads against Moslem superstitions.

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What Makes a Boy?

You do not have to be a detective to spot the similarities between these Formosan boys and the ones who live on your block.

BY HENRY J. MADIGAN, M.M.

■ THE ISLE of Formosa is a land where boys are real. That means they aren't always devils, seldom angels and sometimes both. I pity the pastor who can't produce an ear-to-ear grin with a used Christmas card; or see a lad jump for joy at the announcement of a hike to the mountains; or witness ecstasy become boy, by saying, "Let's go to the movies."

How can one explain these twelve- and fourteen-year-old mysteries? They run all day, up mountains and across rocky streams. They swim like the original Australian crawler. They play baseball, billiards; they roller skate with no less animation or ability than they display in their simple game of shuttlecock. They ride bikes like demons but with the swift sureness of pure spirits — with legs between the bars when they are too short to reach over the bars.

They know all things; herbs, insects, animals, Golden Gate Bridge,



fishes, fifteen kinds of laughter, Empire State Building, sarcasm, praise, torch of Olympia—and how to get an old-fashioned shiner.

• They can talk for hours on almost any subject. And in four or five different dialects or languages! Snap my fingers—and that is the time it takes them to switch from Hakka to the Mandarin dialect. Or would I converse in Japanese? They don't even dangle a participle in the change-over to Nipponese. How about the local Hoclo? If they can't converse with me in that, be sure it's only because they have laryngitis. Even English holds no mystery for them.

Most of the boys can say, "Good morning, Father. Thank you, Father. Thank you very little. Good-by. I go now. How are you?" To be sure, some of them say all these sentences as one speech. But not a few use them correctly.

And the Faith? Only you and I and the Lord Himself know that these lads haven't been Catholics for years. They serve Mass with the enthusiasm of a Notre Dame half-back. Latin was mastered with the same energy. And if their Latin wouldn't credit Cardinal Spellman's cathedral, that would be because it lacks a Brooklyn-like pronunciation of r's. They studied Latin as if they'd get an extra halo

for correct accents. They not only studied—they mastered the server's Latin of the Mass. And then they taught it. Not a few visitors, stopping here overnight, have been

surprised into next week to see two thirteen-year-old boys walking up and down in front of the church, muttering a language for-

eign even to ears attuned to many dialects.

How could the pupil be blamed for bewilderment when the young teacher insisted, "I said, '*quoniam adhuc*, not *a-duc*'?"

Formosan boys are a lot different from the ones a pastor in the United States described: "Boys are no longer boys," sadly complained this pastor. "They are either infants or adults. There are no longer any boys. They were children, and suddenly they are men. No transition—first babes then suddenly, they are young adults."

Never a dull adult moment for our Formosan lads. And hardly ever a quiet one for their pastor. They'll play when only a prophet could see a game in the offing. They'll sing at the slightest hum of a hymn—and hymns are always a humming. They'll shout; they'll laugh; they'll fight—anything to prove that this Isle called Taiwan is a place where boys most certainly will be boys. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

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Bamboo Wireless



Father THOMAS GARRITY assigned as pastor of our new parish in Lima, Peru. It is called Our Lady of Guadalupe. The only thing belonging to the parish is its boundaries. Philosophizing because he must start from scratch, Father GARRITY says: "We have nowhere to go but up!" The parish numbers 60,000 souls, so Father has a big job ahead of him.

* * *

From Korea, Father JOSEPH HERBERT sends word on the invention of the swing. According to Koreans, a young girl was in love with the boy next door. Her disapproving parents forbid her to talk to the boy or even go outside the walls of her garden. So she invented the swing to get a glimpse over the walls at her beau.

* * *

The new African film, Zanzabuku, now making the cinema circuit, was made with the help of Maryknollers. In one sequence a jeep is wrecked by a charging rhino. The jeep had belonged to Brother DAMIEN WALSH. . . If you wonder why Arequipa, Peru, is lighted all night, the fact is that electricity is charged by the number of bulbs in the home and not current used. So people leave their lights on all night.

* * *

Maryknoll's new radio series is called Meet the People. The programs feature foreign visitors to the United States talking about their home countries. . . Now available to TV and schools is our latest film, New Day in Africa. This film gives a little known picture of the aspirations and ambitions of modern Africa.

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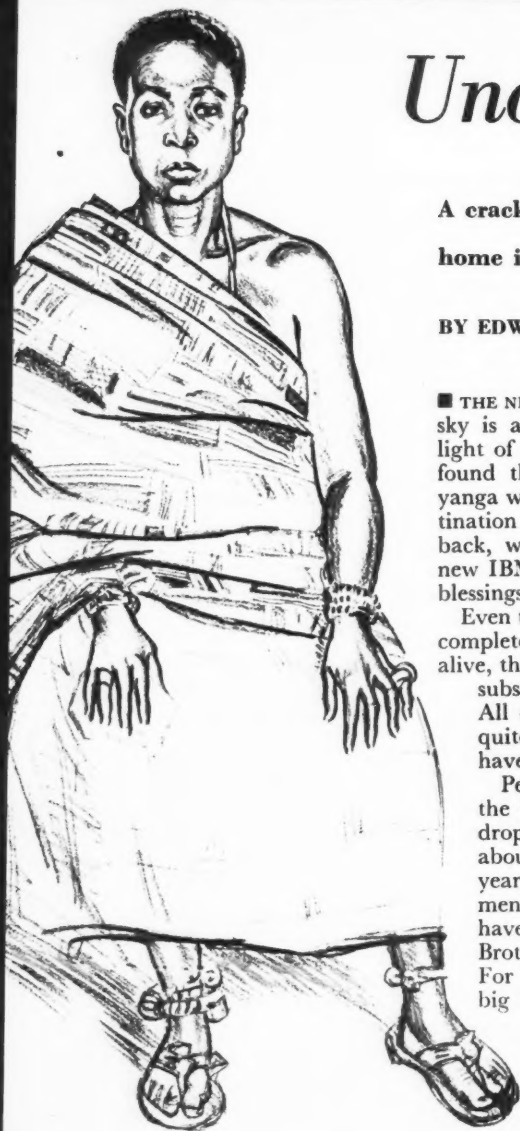
JOSE MARIA RIESTRA, Latin American representative of CUNA (Credit Union National Association) after a week in Puno, Peru, terms the San Juan parish cooperative a classic that could serve as a model any place in the world. He was enthusiastic over the cheap housing plans of the cooperative, drawn up under the leadership of Father DANIEL MCLELLAN. . . A very blessed Christmas to all members of the Maryknoll family!



SCHOOL BUS

Unlike American children who only travel to school in a bus these Korean children must use this bus as their classroom. In Korea schools were destroyed in the war.





Underneath the

A cracker-barrel philosopher's
home is a long winding road.

BY EDWARD A. MCGURKIN, M.M.

■ THE NEW moon climbing into the sky is a reminder. 'Twas by the light of a beautiful moon that we found the little mission at Shinyanga when we arrived at our destination in Africa. Now as we look back, we could use one of those new IBM calculators to count our blessings.

Even then the tally would not be complete. First of all, we are still alive, thanks be to God. That is a substantial blessing in itself. All of our seven pioneers are quite healthy. No one seems to have lost weight; *au contraire*.

Perhaps the best blessing of the years are those ships that drop anchor at Dar Es Salaam, about the end of August each year, bringing more reinforcements from Maryknoll. We now have nineteen priests and three Brothers working in Shinyanga. For those blessings we sing a big happy *Te Deum*. And we add one more *Te Deum* for the Maryknoll Sisters who will soon leave the Motherhouse to come our way.

MARYKNOLL

h the Sukuma Moon

The housing situation is greatly improved. Our new center house at Shinyanga is complete and in service. The big airy rectory at Nassaron-the-Lake is finished and occupied. The John Rudin Memorial extension to the Holy Family Chapel at Kilulu is rapidly nearing completion. Our new church — dedicated to Mary Mediatrix of All Graces, at Shinyanga — is up to the roof and coming along nicely. The Catholic University of Sayusayu is practically complete; another class will be added at the New Year.

Father Louis Bayless has become pastor of Busanda. At the same time Father George Pfister became pastor of Gula. Father Pfister's model kitchen is complete; his stockpile of bricks for Saint George's Lodge is growing. Father Bayless is ready to announce the formal opening of his new kitchen-storeroom-laundry.

The feast of the Assumption brought Christians from distant outstations and also brought in many catechumens. They came to take their final course of preparation before receiving baptism. At Shinyanga the newly baptized Christians made up about the largest group to be baptized so far. Among them was the first assistant to the Chief of Ussiah.

Father Brannigan and Father Bayless made a trip this summer to Nairobi by way of the Serengeti

Plains and the Ngorongoro Crater. They came back convinced that once is enough by that route. Rocky roads, dusty trails, cloudy mountain tops and unpredictable animals of the plain filled the trip with thrills.

The cotton-picking days have now passed, and the cotton-selling season has just about reached its peak. Money circulates freely at this time. This means that it becomes difficult to hire people. Other special



problems arise, which remain unsolved until money becomes scarce again. Ordinarily this does not take long. Africans for generations have been brought up in a regime of barter and only slowly are they beginning to get a workable understanding of a cash economy.

For farmers it is not much of a problem. They continue to live off their lands, cultivating millet, corn, sweet potatoes, herding their sheep and goats and cows. All these are the farmers' security. In some fields farmers grow cotton; the cash returns from this crop give them so much impulse money. With this impulse money they can buy beer, bicycles, maybe beautiful babushkas for wives or daughters. After their cash is spent they still have their full food stocks.

Teachers, clerks and other salaried employees, however, must rely completely on their cash income, unless they are able to cultivate some fields of their own. Many of these salaried workers have not learned to budget an income wisely. They are tempted to use their salaries as impulse money to buy radios, bicycles, or various unnecessary gadgets which catch their attention in the shops. When the cash is gone, so also is the food supply.

WHAT happened to the 587 students who have been in the minor seminary during the past 25 years

is shown on a big chart in the library at Nyegezi. Between 1930 and 1954, 587 students had been enrolled. Of these, eight are now ordained priests; eighteen are in the major

seminary at Kipalapala; and 167 are still in the minor seminary. It means that 394 have not continued their studies for the priesthood.

Of this number, 39 are now

schoolteachers; 34 are employed by the Medical Department; 27 are in the Agricultural Department, 88 are clerks in various Government or business offices; three are in the army, eight are carpenters, 59 are continuing their studies elsewhere; eighteen died; 118 are back home on farms.

INSCRIPTIONS on tombstones in the cemetery at Gula should be good for drawing converts. *Requiem Aeternam* as rendered in Kisukuma on the stones may be translated, "Everlasting Vacation." Why the promise of an everlasting vacation has not proved to be more of a drawing card, to bring people rushing to the mission, is difficult to understand. Perhaps the African feels he is having a pretty good vacation right now. Or perhaps it is not his idea of an everlasting vacation to lie forever in the ground with a big stone slab on top to keep him buried down there.

Mikaeli, the former cook at the



**Your charity helps us
to help others**

Sayusayu mission, is out of jail and back home, rejoicing with his kinsfolk and neighbors. He had a solemn Mass of thanksgiving celebrated in the parish church. He asked the Padri to announce it from the pulpit and to invite all the faithful to join with him in thanking our Blessed Mother for the grand time he had while in jail at Butimoa.

His job was to cook for the prison superintendent, and so we should soon find out what new and exotic recipes Mikaeli picked up during his six-month holiday. Among the Basukuma, it is no dishonor to go to jail, especially if the charge is political.

Our friend Lazaro returned to Shinyanga during the cool days of August. Lazaro is blind; he is a beggar, philosopher, bard, a man of vigorous and versatile parts. Like the Governor and other important people, this sightless bard rides free on trains. When business gets bad in Shinyanga, he takes the night train for Dar Es Salaam.

Lazaro's refined manner and his gently modulated speech betray his origin as a member of one of the patrician families in the neighborhood. Walking solemnly along the road, holding himself erect, carrying a staff in his hand, he reminds me of Anton Lang in his older days, when Lang led the choir between acts in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Lazaro has a rich baritone voice which he uses well to profess his faith in God, his devotion to Our Lady. He lets the whole world know wherefrom come his peace of heart, his happiness of soul.

Too bad that TV viewers in the States have to miss the sight of Lazaro going slowly down the road. This African troubador fills the valley with his melodies. One of his favorites is: "A little song for Mary; listen closely, Mother dear. My steps falter here and yonder, but I know you're always near. Stay beside me, Mother Mary; stay today — tomorrow too. And when my journey's ended, come and take me home to you."



ANDY ANN WINS A CONTEST





■ FATHER George Ratermann had a hard time leaving San Miguel Acatan, Guatemala. With the crying of women, the shouting of children and the hand-shaking of men — he had all he could do to get out of the patio and onto his big white horse. He tossed me a paper bag with medals and said, "Go on the other side of the patio and give them out."

That did the trick. As soon as I started to give away medals everyone rushed over to me. Father George was on his way before they knew what happened — with his escort of twenty mounted Indians.

As they disappeared into a dip in

BOX SCORE

Inventing a better mousetrap
is only a good beginning.

BY JAMES M. SCANLON, M.M.

the mountain I returned to the rectory to ponder on the work that was before me. I had inherited over 400 Catholics who know the doctrine well, who practice the Faith, who are married in the Church, who receive the sacraments regularly.

I came here as a curate in September of 1953. During my first six months I was still studying Spanish and for that reason my contribution to the work of the mission was limited. However, I did learn Spanish and enough of the language of the Indians to hear confessions. I got to know the people, their ways and their customs and the system that Father George used.

The parish of San Miguel Acatan includes three counties. In all there are 20,000 people in an area without a level spot. Three mountains cut through the parish and make it impossible to find a place where one can gallop a horse. The parish includes three cities, 25 towns and 125 villages; the only real concentration of people is here in San Miguel, which has a population of 1,182.

My first thoughts went to the catechetical system that Fathers McClear and McGuinness had started in Cuilco. The plan is to have one catechist for every five homes; also, leaders in every town who attend meetings each week in the center mission. This carries the words of the Padre into every house every week, and the doctrine is taught systematically.

I started by visiting the towns. The first one was Poza. There the people promised to build a chapel in honor of St. Thomas. I promised to donate the statue when the chapel was finished. I found and signed up four head catechists, and I put the names of sixteen volunteer catechists in the books.

From Poza I went to Coya where the people promised to add a room for the Padre to the rear of their chapel which Father George had dedicated to Saint Joseph. Fifteen catechists volunteered in Coya. With these for a start I held the first weekly meeting for catechists in San Miguel on the following Saturday.

I visited Paiconop, Chimban, Suntelaj, Yalaj and many other towns, hunting for local people who

would serve as voluntary catechists. I had to get this work done before the rains came and the mud made travel next to impossible.

Besides getting the catechetical system started, I wanted to do something for the church here in San Miguel. Father George had remodeled the sanctuary so that it is now a fitting place for the Blessed Sacrament. But the rest of the building needed attention. The roof is of straw and it leaks like a sieve during the rainy season. The floor is dirt. Two windows let in little light. The place reminded me of the stable at Bethlehem.

I had a meeting with the men of the parish and we discussed a choice. Would it be the roof or the inside of the church? They preferred to fix the inside of the church and let the roof go until next year. I was dumbfounded by their enthusiasm to get the job done.

I even tried to dampen their spirits by mentioning the probable cost, although with all my heart I wanted the repairs made. That only made them more anxious to try and raise the money. They have since exhausted their fund-raising possibilities but have collected nearly two-thirds of the necessary money.

The interior of the church is beginning to look presentable. There are now six windows. By February we hope to have the interior completely renovated and a tile floor.

The box score of the last three months in San Miguel Acatan reads: six marriages; twenty-two First Communions; 2,078 confessions; 6,226 Communions; 260 baptisms and 258 volunteer catechists. ■ ■



Christmas Spirit in Japan

**Poor little rich children;
they only had everything.**

BY ALFRED E. SMITH, M.M.

■ DURING the Christmas season we took good care of the poor and the unfortunate. I must pay a special tribute to our GI's. If any of you have brothers or sons in the service over here in Japan, you may be sure you could have been proud of them at Christmas time. They really dug

deep to see that every orphan had fruit, candy and a toy. And the same went for the sick and the lepers. Khaki substituted for Santa's red and a jeep took the place of the sleigh but our boys really were true to the spirit.

To see a rock-jawed sergeant bouncing a little yellow ball of humanity on his knee was enough to make angels giggle. As a matter of fact, I was a little sorry for the rich children of Japan — few as they are — because the poor were royally treated. The GI is not without faults, but there is no questioning

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his generosity and his basic goodness to those down on their luck.

Each mission arranged its own little party. About 5,000 came here to see a special showing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Afterwards, each received a little toy and some candy. It was a wonderful Christmas that you at home made possible.

All through Japan, pictures of Santa Claus are displayed, and such words as "Christmas tree" and "Christmas sale" have been taken right into the language. The people have little or no realization of the meaning of our yuletide terms, so we fixed on old Santa.

On the cover of the little folded parish giveaway we ran a picture of the merry old gent. Inside, we told the story of Saint Nicholas, whose name was simplified to Santa Claus. We explained how the red of Santa's coat was the scarlet of the bishop's robe, and told of the great charity of the saint. There's a great deal of generosity and kindness at Christmas because it commemorates the day God gave us the gift of His only Son.

Before midnight Mass we had twenty-nine baptisms, largely the result of the work of our catechists, and so of the generous souls who paid the salaries of these catechists. It would be hard to imagine a more fitting gift for the Christ Child than the twenty-nine people who, like the Magi of old, had followed the star to the crib.

During Christmas week, which even non-Christian Japanese celebrate, actors came to town. They staged ancient plays, called *Kabuki*,

the Japanese parallel of our Shakespearean dramas. *Kabuki* certainly breathe the spirit of old Japan. Like their Shakespearean counterparts, they were written in antiquated language; many Japanese find it difficult to follow the words.

However, words aren't important; attention centers on the beauty of the scenery, the colors and folds of the kimonos and the grimaces of the actors. *Kabuki* are stiff and formal. The actors strike poses that indicate anger, joy, sorrow, disappointment — something like our movies of the early twenties.

The plots are fantastic. In one of them the heroine is kidnapped and tied to a cherry tree. Nothing daunted, the damsel in distress uses the free tip of her little pink toe, to arrange cherry blossoms in the shape of a rat. A real rat comes along and is moved by the remarkable likeness drawn by the heroine; Mr. Rat proceeds to gnaw away at the cords and free her.

Sounds a bit corny but the color of costumes, the grace of movement, the eerie music made by stringed instruments and drums, and the brightness of the setting, really grip the audience. Usually five plays are shown at a time. And even though you bring your lunch, after several hours that seat keeps getting harder and harder.

Japanese Christians are generous to their priests. One old lady thrust a package into my hand that almost gave me a heart attack. I beamingly accepted the gift and then jumped as I felt something squirm inside. It turned out to be a trussed-up but still-able-to-kick chicken. ■ ■



You ought to see the loser!

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Father Feeney baptizes in a church built by priest friends in Rochester, N. Y.

FRIENDLY ISLAND

MANY people in America think of Formosa as just a far-off trouble spot full of strangers. Maryknollers who work there dub Formosa "the friendly island" because they have made eight thousand friends (for a sample, look to left) since first accepting Formosa's hospitality in 1951.

Gaining momentum is a planned campaign to make friends with all two million—the number of people who live in the Maryknoll Prefec-

ture of Taichung. Proved mission methods that help to achieve this goal include a community of Taiwanese Sisters, started by Maryknollers; a minor seminary—in the works; converts, enthusiastic to share Christ with neighbors and friends, have won whole villages.

"The outlook is promising," says Monsignor William Kupfer who directs Maryknoll work on Formosa. "The people are ready to give a friendly hearing to the Gospel." ■ ■



At first he was only a stranger with a camera. Their reserve melted when they saw his smile; friendship took over. A missionary's work is like that.

Ben
peo



Beneath the banter is Bishop Lane's warm regard for the openhearted people of Asia. He has been laughing with, not at, them for thirty years.

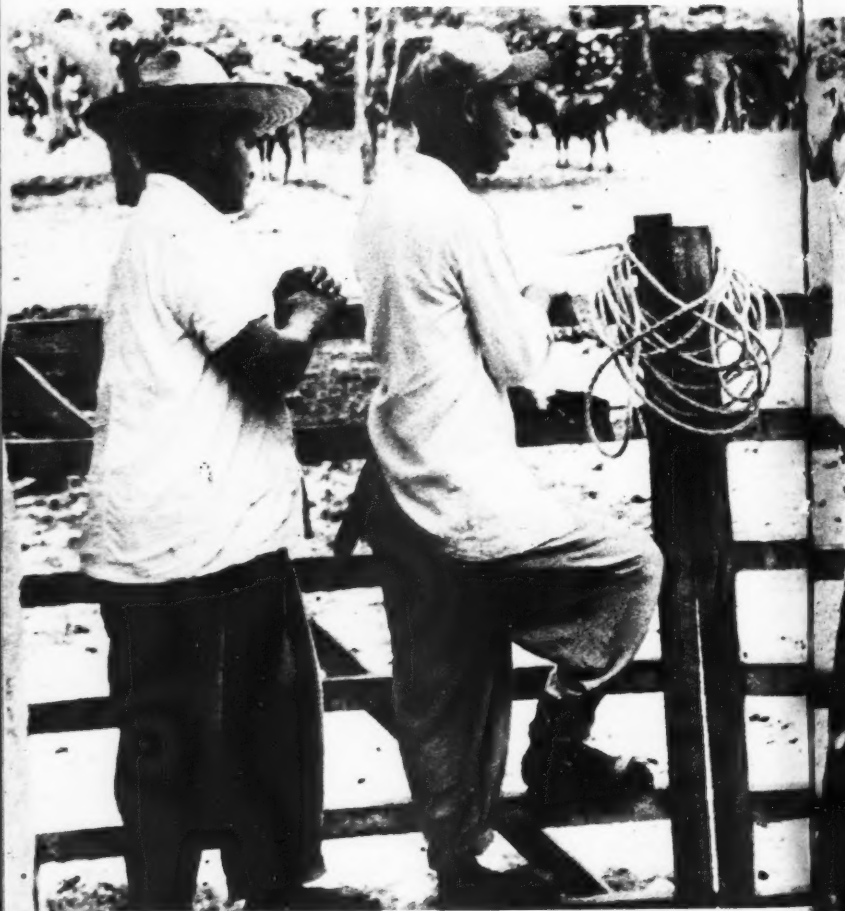


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The powdered milk that Father John McKernan, of Lawrence, Mass., gives to Junior (above) is part of a shipment donated by American Catholics to people on the friendly isle. Left: A missionary who journeyed into the hills came upon an aborigine papa giving baby an *al fresco* bath.

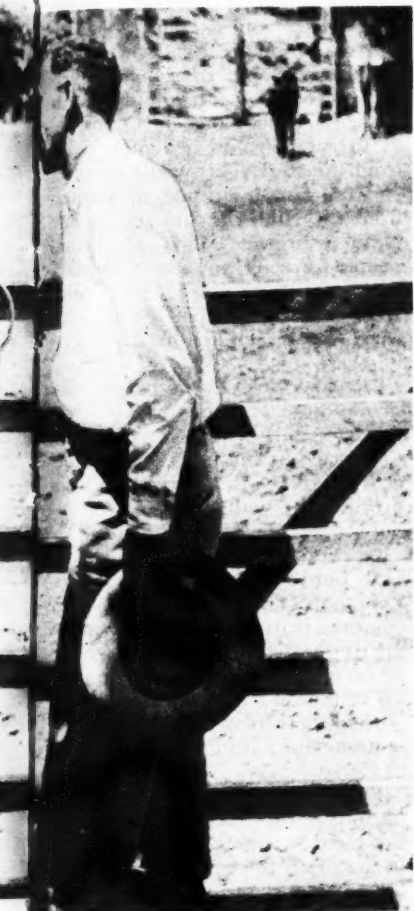
Every Catholic a M



In a Mexican corral, Father Peter Petrucci preaches Christ.

l Missioner

BY CORNELIUS CHRISTIE, M.M.



■ MANY will o' the wisp historians would have us believe that the poor Latin Americans had reason to hate the Church because it held all the riches of the land and was opposed to their betterment. The only way to improve the lot of the poor was to take everything away from the Church.

However, it wasn't the poor who despoiled the Church, nor was hatred the prime motive of the leaders of contending armies. Each in the district he held under control, took what he needed to sustain his campaign from the easiest source, from the one least inclined by its nature to resort to force to keep its possessions. A campaign of slander among his troops — poor ignorant fellows — then a raid of churches, and the army was suddenly possessed of abundant goods at no cost. Easy pickings.

It was only after beginning such confiscations, harming the Church, that men began really to hate the Church. Why? They knew they had sinned; and to this day, the leaders have it on their consciences. Is it not true that the one harming another hates that person more than the harmed hates the harmer?

When the battles were over, the Church dispossessed and her clergy scattered, the governing body was anti-Catholic. Anyone wishing to take part in any capacity — from Government post in high place,

right down to clerk in a post office — had to take an anti-Catholic oath. No one could get anywhere in material matters unless he was “one of the boys.”

The men, faced with this decision, saw that they had the choice of following the Church in suffering and want, or of joining up for the big banquet. Large numbers joined up; and having sinned against their consciences, they became haters of the Church. Others tried going halfway—outwardly conforming to the new ideology; inwardly hoping to be able to benefit from the Church and the sacraments. Such men call a priest at the last minute. They don't hate the Church; neither do they love her.

The women for the most part remained faithful and were called fanatics. The men who treasured the Faith were branded traitors. Each Dad had to see to it that his sons, at least, got no Catholic instruction; otherwise they'd learn the truth about Dad and become Catholics—poor failures. Mothers fought tooth and nail for the souls of their children. Some won them and hubby too; most succeeded only with the daughters. The nation was split, as were states, cities, villages, farms, even families.

In small towns and villages where Maryknollers work in Latin America, life is dull and hard at best. Any show that is capable of bringing some joy into the hearts of his people is a good work. It is of great advantage to the priest if these activities take place in or around the church and have some religious significance. These celebrations

give the priest chances to meet and know his people.

Latins are said to be more emotional than we of the cold north; they are “heart” Catholics and we are “head” ones. Head without heart is no better than heart without head. Some missionaries rebel against the show and would cut out all feasts, processions, devotions, so as to get down to bed rock right from the start. This would involve clearing the multitude of statues from the churches and setting up plain liturgical altars to bring people directly to Christ in the Eucharist. Such missionaries would emphasize the Gospel life of Our Lord and preach hell-fire to everybody.

How far does this type of missionary get? He does away with statues—and his work, at least in that place, is finished. The people go right on with their saints and processions—without a priest, without the sacraments. A fine mess.

Of course, no one who truly loves Our Lord's poor could do things like that. The humble missionary comes to learn and to love his people. If they were saints, there would be no need for his coming. He uses the residue of faith left in his people—their devotions and processions—as means of leading them nearer to Christ.

Feasts, usually celebrating the patrons of the place, will find even the men attending. Any tendency in the priest to resent this is a mistake. As the missionary grows in knowledge of his people he will understand why men attend. They can participate on such occasions

without fear of ridicule, sneers or bad jokes. They can march in a procession and still be in good standing with "the boys."

Any man who attends church on any but these everybody-can-go days must suffer much abuse from men who don't.

What can be done to make religion easier for the men? Certainly not cutting out the processions. A better way is to have even more outward manifestations in which men can participate without being shamed by others.

Father Robert Lee did this in Tzucacab. When he first arrived, much ground work had been done by Father Lomasney. Father Lee decided it was time to pull out all the stops. He began to have more processions and fiestas; before each one he went to the head men of the village for permission.

After a couple of years, even the leading men in town were participating. Now they are the ones who come to the Padre for permission to celebrate more feasts.

The whole atmosphere of Tzucacab has changed. Now the shame-faced men are the ones who don't take part. Where once it was social ostracism for a man to be seen going to church, now it is just the opposite.

Father Lee has removed an obstacle—which to us seems smallness and culpable lack of faith, which to the men, in their frailty, was an insurmountable barrier. He has formed groups of apostolic men and groups of women catechists.

There can be no doubt of the maxim that one cannot give what

he does not possess. Therefore, the missionary must love Our Lord if he hopes to be God's instrument for instilling that love in others. St. Teresa of Avila said that a mediocre religious life is the most painful life imaginable for the one leading such; it has no sweetness from God, and it gets no pleasure from the world. One can easily see what a hardship it would be for a person like that to be a missionary. A man not in love is a sad specimen indeed.

But the missionary in love with God has God at his command, and both together will work wonders. The missionary will have that same thirst for souls that Jesus has, and Our Lord will give the increase. The most important need would seem to be that the missionary himself should be holy, doing good to all within the bounds of his apostolate.

God in His wisdom may be increasing His flock through a missionary in Japan or through some other missionary in Latin America.

More and more missionaries are on the lookout for lead people as well as key ideas. In most missions, almost from the start, there are some souls athirst for knowledge of God and desirous of loving and serving Him fully.

These natural leaders must be diligently prepared for complete participation in a full Catholic life. A missionary can't bring them half-way, and then let them drift with the current that may lead to mediocrity, while the missionary is out chasing after more souls—only in turn to abandon them for other faraway pastures. The net result of such hit-and-miss efforts will be a

Is CHRIST in your CHRISTmas list?



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The Maryknoll Fathers
MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

large, nominally Catholic flock. But he is still the only missionary, and will soon find that he has turned into a parish priest, striving to keep his parishioners above the mortal-sin mark, getting himself more and more tied up with parish activities, and ceasing bit by bit to be a missionary. He will still be alone.

A better way is to sort out from the start willing and intelligent people, and to turn them into apostolic Catholics. This would be more in line with our policy of encouraging local vocations, trying to make a mission eventually independent of any need for us.

Suppose that a missionary, in ten years, could form a nucleus of twenty families of exemplary Catholics, who would be, from Dad and Mom down through the children, daily Communicants with a deep love for and understanding of the Church and her mission. Would such a missionary find vocations from among those twenty families? I believe that he will.

Besides, a fervent Catholic is a missionary in his own right. These twenty families might develop a hundred missionaries capable of bringing Christ into their neighborhood. They might produce as many as 30 lay catechists, and at least a few vocations to the priesthood. Would this be better than having a thousand half-baked Catholics?

Over the period of an additional ten years, the priest's original twenty families of apostles might succeed in bringing a hundred or more other families up to the ideal; perhaps produce local seminarians or send girls to the convent. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL



What One Boy Can Do

BY JOHN B. GALLAGHER, M.M.

■ MARYKNOLL has told many stories about what one missionary priest can do. That gives rise to a true story about what one boy can do. When twelve-year-old Glen Smith heard that the widowed mother of a Quechua Indian seminarian was too poor to pay for her son's board, laundry, shoe repairs and incidental expenses—which amount to about five dollars a month—he came through with a generous offer. Glen is sending five dollars a month to that Quechua seminarian.

That gift represents a very large part of Glen's only income from a paper route. This home missionary is in the sixth grade at Saint Leo's Parochial School in Oakland, California.

God willing, Glen's sacrifice may result in one more Padre for priest-scarce Bolivia. There are many other seminarians, in Bolivia and other Maryknoll territories, who could use similar gifts. ■ ■





FRONTIERLAND

Lots of hustle in a land that is just beginning to boom.

BY JAMES P. COLLIGAN, M.M.

■ HOKKAIDO's children seldom see a foreigner and I don't mind the way they swarm about me. A dozen or more followed beside and behind me as I passed through their town. Some of the children wore ice skates and slid along the hard-packed snow in the streets.

I was the object of some intense curiosity. The youngsters were laughing and yelling to one another

in a friendly, curious way: "*Gikoku-jin*" (foreigner) or "*Americajin*" or "*Takai hana*" (long nose).

Hokkaido, with its cold and snow and its rugged terrain, has become home to me. Not greatly developed as yet, this northernmost island of Japan boasts some industry and natural resources that will prove beneficial to the Japanese economy. Coal-mining towns, lumber-mill

towns dot the countryside. On the southern coast, towns huddle about steel mills, as if to keep warm in the heat from blast furnaces.

The Japanese towns I've seen are much alike, despite climactic and occupational differences. The typical town has unpaved streets, lined with open-front shops. The streets are traveled by an occasional auto, busses, dump trucks, motor scooters, horse-drawn carts, sleighs, bicycles — but mostly by pedestrians.

Sidewalks would help but don't because there aren't any. It seems to me that pedestrians survive this welter of traffic by sheer weight of numbers. That sounds thin until you see it happen.

A couple of two-story buildings contain the post office and other Government offices, the fire and police departments. There is always a prominently located Buddhist temple or Shinto shrine. The Government-operated school is usually at the edge of town. In most, a railroad station completes the picture of a Japanese town.

The houses of Hokkaido differ from Japanese houses on the other islands only in the stovepipe chimneys. These give evidence of small coal or wood stoves inside. All the houses are unpainted, low wooden structures with translucent rice-paper windows, sliding doors and overhanging roofs.

Enter one of these houses, and inside the door you'll find a small vestibule, in which you see the wooden clogs or the boots of the members of the household. Going through a second door, shoeless, you see to one side a sitting room,

devoid of furniture, decorated with only a deftly painted Japanese landscape — hung from a recess in one wall. Before and below the painting is a vase of flowers. On the strawmat floor are several cushions — Japanese easy chairs.

To the other side of the entrance there is a kitchen, a mere cubby-hole containing utensils, groceries and a charcoal urn for cooking. At the rear of the house are living rooms, made bedrooms at night by spreading heavy quilts on the straw matting. By day the quilts are aired and returned to storage closets.

The people of Hokkaido seem more sociable than the people I met in cosmopolitan Tokyo. They live a hardy sort of frontier life. As a people, the Japanese are industrious; those on Hokkaido are even more so. The men work long days in the mines or mills, with few of the labor-saving devices common in the United States. Yet in the evenings I see the same men coaxing rice from their paddies that are scratched out of the mountainside. In the winter there is wood to be cut for the fire that is always necessary.

I see Hokkaido's women with huge bundles of rice strapped to their backs, going to market. Other women on the street are shoppers; each has the youngest member of the household strapped to her back with a blanket, folded diagonally around the shoulders and pinned in front.

Stocking caps are fashionable in winter; heavy boots are that the year round—for Hokkaido's streets are either full of snow or a mess of mud.

Statues Needed in Mission Churches

— which will you give?



At \$150 each:

- 1... *Sacred Heart, Japan*
- 2... *Blessed Mother, Korea*
- 3... *Our Lady, Japan*
- 4... *St. Joseph, Japan*

At \$125 each:

- 1... *Sacred Heart, Bolivia*
- 2... *Blessed Virgin, Bolivia*
- 3... *Our Lady and Child, Central America*
- 4... *St. James, Guatemala*

At \$100 each:

- 1... *Sacred Heart, Guatemala*
- 2... *St. Philip, Guatemala*
- 3... *St. Francis Xavier, Central America*
- 4... *St. Jude, Bolivia*
- 5... *St. Rose of Lima, Guatemala*
- 6... *St. Michael, Bolivia*
- 7... *St. Philip, Guatemala*
- 8... *St. Joseph, Korea*
- 9... *Cure of Ars, Bolivia*

At \$75 each:

- 1... *Sacred Heart, Guatemala*
- 2... *Boy Jesus, Central America*
- 3... *St. Joseph, Central America*
- 4... *Lady of Rosary, Guatemala*
- 5... *Little Flower, Guatemala*

Many missionaries request Christmas Cribs at \$25 each.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York



The Hammock

BY VINCENT H. MONTAGUE, M.M.

■ HERE in the pueblos of Yucatan, I have yet to see what I once thought essential to life itself—a bed. When I was assigned to Tihosuco, a bedless mission station, I was anxious to buy a hammock and try it out. I had enjoyed restful siestas in hammocks, but never had I been so bold as to entrust myself to one for an entire night.

I wrapped myself carefully in a blanket; eased myself gently into the hammock. I was about to compliment myself on my dexterity when I discovered that my feet were sticking out. Be it known that December nights in Merida are chilly if not downright cold.

I reached for another blanket to cover my feet—and found myself on the floor. I said various pious ejaculations and started from scratch. This time I was successful. I was in, covered, but extremely uncomfortable. I pulled on the blankets, jerked on the hammock and rolled from side to side. But the more I tried, the worse it became. Finally, one of the blankets wound itself into a knot

in the middle of my back. I decided to get up. Beginning again, I tried to avoid previous mistakes and got settled once more.

I was just dozing off when my nether side started to complain about the cold. Easily remedied. I turned over. It was a temporary solution, for after about half an hour the blood on that side started to congeal. To make a long story short, I spent the entire night rolling from one side to the other; by morning I was exhausted.

Before the second night, I chanced upon something. Obviously the big difficulty is keeping warm. Other difficulties can be overcome with a little *savoir-faire*, but not the problem of heat. I reasoned: the blankets keep coming off, so make them stay on. Out came the faithful Singer; it was zipper time. Only then did I think of my sleeping bag. I tried it out then and there—perfect.

That night was much more restful. Further acclimatization could wait until Tihosuco. I went back to the luxury of a bed. ■ ■



Churches crumble to ruin when there aren't enough priests to go around.

Crisis in Yucatan

Pity the parish that has never seen one of its sons ordained.

BY THOMAS J. MCCARTHY, M.M.

■ THE archdiocese of Yucatan is a patriarch, enjoying the prestige of being one of the oldest and most important in Mexico. To put it conservatively—the patriarch has seen better days. Of all the problems that bother the patriarch, the most serious is the critical shortage of priests.

Monsignor Juan Arjona Correa recently outlined the extent of this shortage that has reached crisis proportions. He made a study of

Yucatan's priest shortage, from the vantage point of his thirty years' experience as rector of the local seminary. He took the records of young men in the seminary as a basis for his survey. In time, the study covered the period that coincides with the years during which Archbishop Ruiz has been in office—from the year 1943.

One of the facts Monsignor Correa turned up was that each year an average of twenty-three boys passed

the entrance exams and were accepted as candidates to study for the priesthood. What happened to those twenty-three after that? On an average, only four completed the studies and training and were ordained priests.

Monsignor Correa found cold comfort in adding up the totals. For the period of the survey, 253 candidates had been under his guidance. Yet he had presented only forty candidates to the bishop for ordination. In the harsh glare of percentages, this meant a survival rate of roughly sixteen per cent.

Any priest who looks back on his years in the seminary will realize that this is a rather high percentage. More than one priest has counted the number of those being ordained with him, and compared that number with the size of his class back say six or seven years before ordination. The number who started out on the road that leads to the priesthood was large, compared to the number who reached the goal.

The fact that his seminary had a good record in survival percentages did not satisfy Monsignor Correa. His study went deeper into the problem. He examined the books—worked up figures—and pointed his finger sadly at certain entries in the columns.

Nine parishes in the archdiocese had not produced a single vocation through all the years the survey covered. Sixteen parishes had sent only one boy apiece to the seminary. The city of Merida was the only bright spot on the chart. From its parishes came the forty priests who had been ordained during the

period. In contrast to Merida were twenty-two parishes in the archdiocese that had not experienced the joy of seeing a parish son ordained. Their people had not known the joy of celebrating the real fiesta that is a son of the parish celebrating his first Solemn Mass.

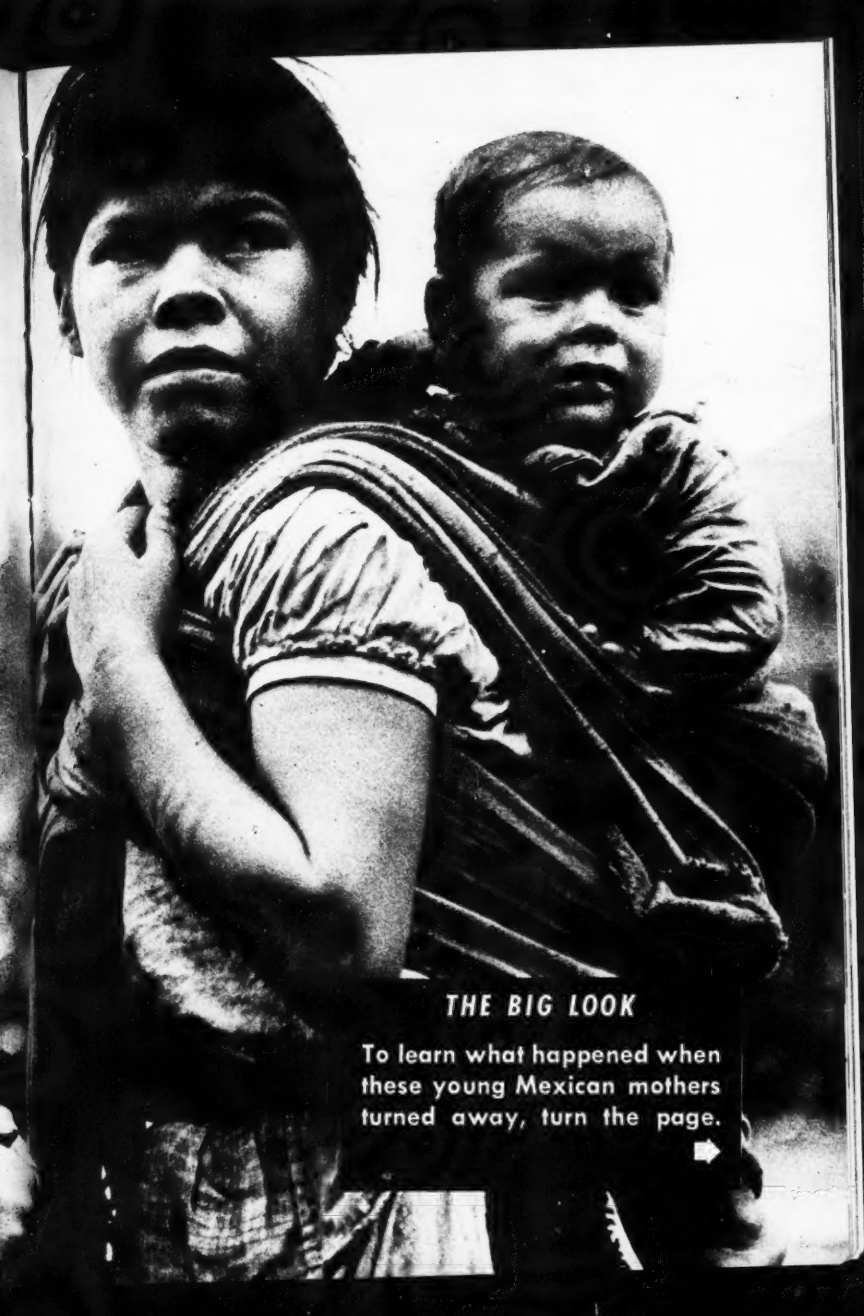
The figures from the present enrollment of the seminary almost jumped from the page: twenty-four parishes have no representatives at the seminary. These figures are depressing; if matters continue as in the past the crisis will become even more acute.

In 1914, when the Mexican revolution broke out—with its accompanying persecution of the Church—Yucatan had 114 priests for a population of 350,000. The revolutionaries expelled 55 Spanish missionaries. Numerous other priests died or were forced into exile.

Today Yucatan has 120 priests. However, the number of people they must care for has nearly doubled. Of the 120 priests, less than 100 are engaged in parochial work. They must minister to 600,000 Catholics. One priest on an average has a parish of 6,000 people. By contrast the average parochial priest in the U.S. has only 850.

Simply to keep up with the population increase, Yucatan needs at least ten new priests a year. The alarming and growing size of this crisis is such that Yucatan cannot handle it alone. The leaders and people of this archdiocese need outside help. I'm sure that a request for prayers for vocations in Yucatan to the readers of this magazine will not fall on deaf ears. ■ ■





THE BIG LOOK

To learn what happened when these young Mexican mothers turned away, turn the page.





1. *Who cares about hats!*



2. *We ought to get introduced.*



3. *Does it hurt?*



4. *Crybaby!*

EDITORIAL:

A Race Against Nature

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ RECENTLY a group of Catholic sociologists in Europe announced a world-wide competition for the best solution based on Catholic principles for the population problem that is faced by Japan and other overcrowded areas. The gesture of this group dramatizes the need for Catholic study of a most acute problem that up to now has been settled by un-Christian solutions—war and birth control.

It is legitimate to decry the prevailing solution of birth control as immoral, but it is not enough merely to condemn. We must be prepared to offer alternate workable solutions if our protests are to be accepted seriously. Therefore the problem facing Japan and other similar areas must be studied and discussed by Catholics so that alternate solutions can be proposed.

There is no denying the urgency of the problem. In the early 1930's,

Japan embarked on a disastrous war because that nation needed more living room for its people. The 70 million population of 1936 has today become 88 million; yet today as a result of a lost war, *Japan has 46% less territory.*

Korea, Manchuria and Formosa are no longer parts of the Japanese empire. The Japanese have now been crowded into the home islands where to support its vast humanity, Japan has less farmland than that under cultivation in New York State.

Moreover, even with a Government program of birth control and legalized abortions (preventing a million births a year), scientists estimate that Japan will top a 100 million population by 1975. To get room for her people to live and food for them to eat, experts predict that Japan will once more have to resort to force of arms—that is, unless the bountiful nations find a solution for



This Month's Cover

THE moon that circles this globe of ours is a favorite symbol of Mary's love that sheds its warmth on all the peoples of mankind. She brought into this cold old world all the brightness and peace of heaven. The Baby enshrined on her breast aims to conquer every human heart.

the "have nots" on this globe.

The population growth of Japan raises other problems, some of them directly touching mission work. For example, birth control and abortion present a serious challenge to the doctrines of the Church and a test for the faith of new Christians. The example given by the vast majority of the Japanese does nothing to aid Christian practices.

Also, since the Japanese nation is increasing by a million people a year, the number of Japanese whom we must convert grows larger each year. Whereas twenty years ago, we had 70 million Japanese to convert, twenty years from now we will have an additional 30 million.

ANY SOLUTION for Japan's population problem must be radical. Certainly it is desperate and urgent. A rapidly expanding Japan is being crowded into less and less space. The pressure will eventually become so great that something will have to give. On the basis of mere physical laws, it is obvious what will happen eventually. It is like boiling water in a pot and not allowing the steam to escape. An explosion is sure to result.

It is to prevent this violence and to extend international social justice to the Japanese that all of us must work to find an answer to the problems of the Japanese. Some solutions are being advanced; sale or transfer of territory to Japan, the setting up of foreign enclaves within other nations, are two of them.

A third solution is the immediate opening by other nations to in-

DECEMBER, 1956

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

creased Japanese immigration. The immigration quotas for Japanese are extremely low. The normal United States quota is 185 a year, a statistic that pales into insignificance when we realize that two babies are born almost every minute in Japan.

But even immigration is not realistic in view of international public opinion. People are just not interested in Japan's problems. They fail to realize that what affects Japan today will certainly affect us tomorrow.



The Party Next Door

Never a shortage of poor or orphaned children in the neighborhood of a Maryknoll mission in Japan. What Christmas would be complete for a missionary without live angels in borrowed finery and a momentary solemnity for the Bethlehem tableau? Doings at this party will shine in their hearts for years. This Catholic orphanage is near one of our Kyoto missions.





Who is old enough to have forgotten the childhood years and how much fun and excitement a youngster gets from opening Christmas presents?



Who's having the best time — the orphans at this party or the adults who choose this way of preaching the Gospel to poor children in Japan?



OPERATION BLANKET

One blanket provides a bond
of friendship across the world.

■ NO ONE would ever think an ordinary woolen blanket could be a "magic carpet." But in this case it was just such a blanket that brought together a brother and sister living in Cohoes, N. Y. and a brother and sister living in Hong Kong.

It began one summer day when Tommy and Gail Guyette, twelve and ten years old, wanted to do something for their friend Father Paul Duchesne who hails from their hometown, Cohoes, N. Y. Father Duchesne is a Maryknoller working among Chinese refugees in Hong Kong.

Tommy and Gail decided to hold a bazaar. They raffled off their old toys and managed to raise \$3 which they sent to Father Duchesne for his work. A short time later they received the following letter:

DEAR TOMMY AND GAIL:

The weather here is just beginning to turn cold. Many people who have no blankets will suffer terribly. Have you ever been unable to sleep just because you were too cold? Of course not! All you have to do is yell, "Mommy!" and you would have another blanket as though by magic. So I am using your three dollars to buy a blanket for the little boy and girl whose picture I am enclosing for you.

The brother and sister stand at the door of their home. You couldn't raise rabbits in that "house" because there are too many holes in it and your bunnies would run away. You couldn't raise chickens in it because the cold winds blowing through the walls would kill the chicks. But this boy and girl live there. It is all they have ever known

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of home. They are just like yourselves, Tommy and Gail, except perhaps that in this case the girl is older than the brother. And another big difference, a tremendous difference, is that their Daddy is dead.

I will note another few ways in which the brother and sister in Hong Kong differ from those in Cohoes, and then you can ask yourselves why God has been so good to you and seemingly has forgotten them. Of course they don't even know God but He knows them. Pray that someday it will be given to us to baptize them and maybe call them Tommy and Gail. They have never been inside a church. They have never seen a rosary. Never have they been to school—nor can they read or write a word.

They have no Daddy! You have the best. Their Mommy is a poor widow who works long hours every day, carrying water for people, to earn enough pennies to buy a few bowls of rice. The children have never had candy or cake. Never saw an ice-cream cone or popcorn or crackerjacks. Yet they love sweets as all Chinese children do. The words "Christmas tree" to them mean nothing. They sleep on boards—no mattress. Never have their toes felt the tickly-ness of a rug or carpet. Mosquitoes bite them every night.

This boy and girl have never been to a barber. Mom can't do a thing with her hair—just like Gail's. Mom cuts little brother's hair with a comb and scissors—no clippers.



Tommy and Gail Guyette of Cohoes, N. Y.

They live on a hill in a little old soap-box hut. There is no electricity, no water, no windows, no tablecloth. Four bricks make the stove. The floor is dirt (mud when it rains).

These children never smile but run away when people approach. We gave them a tin of milk to get them to stand for this picture. Never is there enough to eat. Lack of vitamins is the cause of their crooked legs. There is no puppy to play with. There would be nothing to feed one since there are no scraps from their table. Truly, there is no table—only a little low bench to eat from.

You can't imagine how happy they will be to get your blanket—and how happy we will be to buy and bring it to them.

But I have found one way in which they are just like you. That is that their Mommy loves them and raves about them just as your mother does about you.

Next time I see these refugee youngsters I'll get their names for you.

Yours in Our Lord,

FATHER PAUL DUCHESNE ■ ■



Is This *YOUR gift for Christ's beloved poor? Given with Christ's love? Warmed with His personal affection for every one of us?*

*When **You** put the gift-to-be-given into our hands, when **You** enable us to be there among these refugees as their friends, when **You** train us to be teachers, doctors, nurses, catechists, welfare workers.*

Then

*Christ sees **You** in a picture like this.*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Marvknoll, N. Y.

I want to have a part in your gift-giving. Here is \$..... to help in this work.

Name.....

Address **City** **Zone** **State**

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. Please send me a reminder. I realize I may stop at any time.

I Remember—Kim!

BY SISTER AGNUS THERESE, M.D.

■ "OUR Kim" we call him—a peanut-butter baby.

He has a peanut-butter mother, too, I remember. Some five years ago in the thick of wartime in Korea, she appeared in the long line of misery that awaited help each day outside our clinic.

Other women in the line reported as I went by, choosing the desperate cases for immediate attention. "She's crazy, Sister," they said. "Doesn't know who she is or what she wants. All she knows is that she must stay here in line."

Kim's mother, Myo Go, looked at me with unseeing eyes. Rather, her eyes swept over me as they darted here and there vacantly. With a quick movement, she swung the baby on her back around to the front. She looked at the small bundle of bones with blank despair.

Well she might despair. Little Kim was one of those awful-awfuls of war and hunger and pestilence. Maybe a year old, he was hardly recognizable as a human baby.

The mother babbled and muttered as I took her forward to the clinic. She was truly crazed with hunger. We had worked out a system for starvation cases—peanut butter in small but frequent doses. All day, Kim and his mother had bits of it, together with powdered milk. They sat in a corner of the

crowded clinic, resting between doses. It wasn't long before her "insanity" was cured.

When she went back to her shack that evening, Myo Go knew where she was and how to come back. She knew that there were friends in the world for her, and hope of replenishing the supply of food she hoarded, like the precious stuff it was, in the same bundle that held tiny Kim.

Progress was long and slow. The starvation was one thing of many. It yielded to the peanut-butter treat-

Kim's small lungs were powerful!





Sister Herman Joseph (Stitz) found Kim an obedient but fearful patient.

ment easily, for Kim was only a baby and his mother was young. She needed to be, poor woman, for soon it was her task to carry Kim to and from the clinic each week. Not that Kim was heavy, dear knows, but he was encased from head to toe in a cast, which weighed many times what he himself did.

I had to put him in the cast in an effort to straighten his little spine. It's not easy, when you are only three years old, to lie in a stiff cast, unable to do more than twitch your nose and wiggle a toe. In summer the cast is hot; in winter the fleas, which are inescapable in Korea, make merry over a small body unable to defend itself. Many's the hole Kim dug with his finger, to scratch himself.

As Myo Go struggled up our hill with her precious burden, how I

longed for a hospital where Kim could have stayed! His mother was working for their living; she could ill afford to take a day off every four or five days to bring Kim to the clinic.

All's well that ends well. You should see the pair of them coming for Sunday Mass. Kim is a sturdy six-year-old, still a bit small but catching up fast. He outruns his mother. She has married again and there are other children; she must slow down for their small legs.

Kim is a real person. So is his mother. They are two of the thousands whom we treat every day. Please God, a large hospital with 165 beds—that's enormous over here—will soon rise on Pusan's hills to help the Kims and the Myo Gos to a decent life on this earth and a glorious life in heaven. ■ ■

A Christmas Gift . . .

for a priest or sister,
for a good friend,
for yourself—

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Maryknoll's NON-PROFIT book club
for lovers of world peoples and the world apostolate

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BIRD OF SORROW

An attractive GIFT CARD tells your friends you have enrolled them!

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4

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Papa interrupts a Sunday ride (left) to talk with Father John Graser. Rocks emphasize the point being made (above) by Father William Murphy.

■ SHAURI is an African word for a confab. It's one of the most popular African words for the people like nothing better than holding a talkfest.

The missionary finds that much of his time is taken up in talking. His Christians come to him with their problems and arguments. Sometimes they ask him to pass a decision worthy of a Solomon. However most of the time they merely want to tell their troubles to someone or recount unusual experiences. The art of being a good African missionary requires the ability to be a good listener because every day brings a new *shauri*. ■ ■

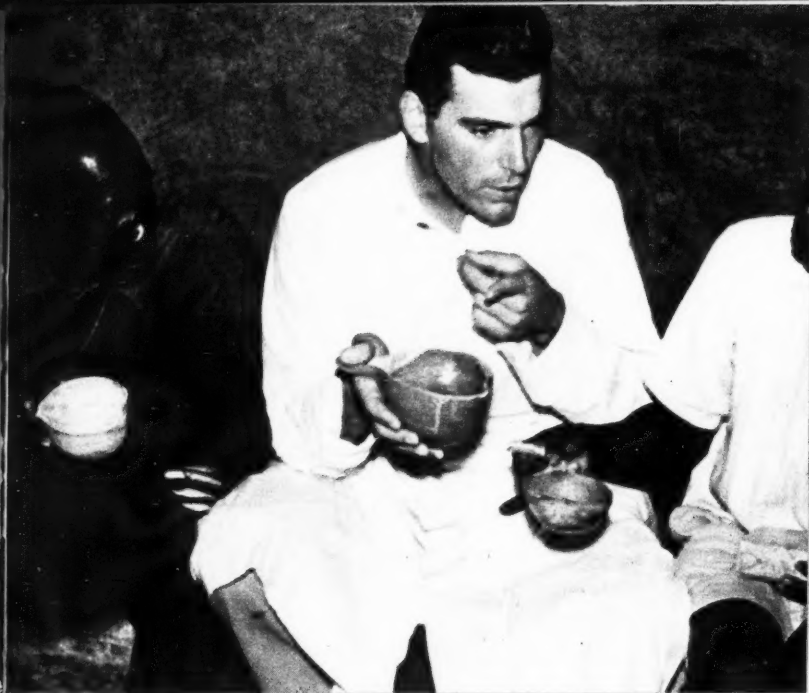
Let's Talk It Over

COLOR PICTURES FROM AFRICA BY
MARYKNOLL'S EDWARD BASKERVILLE,
PAUL BORDENET, CHARLES LIBERATORE



Near a bleak African village (above), Father Charles Liberatore stops to get the latest news from young friends. The center of attraction (below) is an African beer pot. The brew is drunk through long straws.





Sociability Is an Art

■ FATHER John Schiff (above) is a very successful missionary. This Bronx, N. Y., priest finds a ready welcome wherever he goes, because he always has time to talk with the people. The African has no distractions of radio, television and movies. He provides his own entertainment through conversation—an art Father Schiff has mastered.

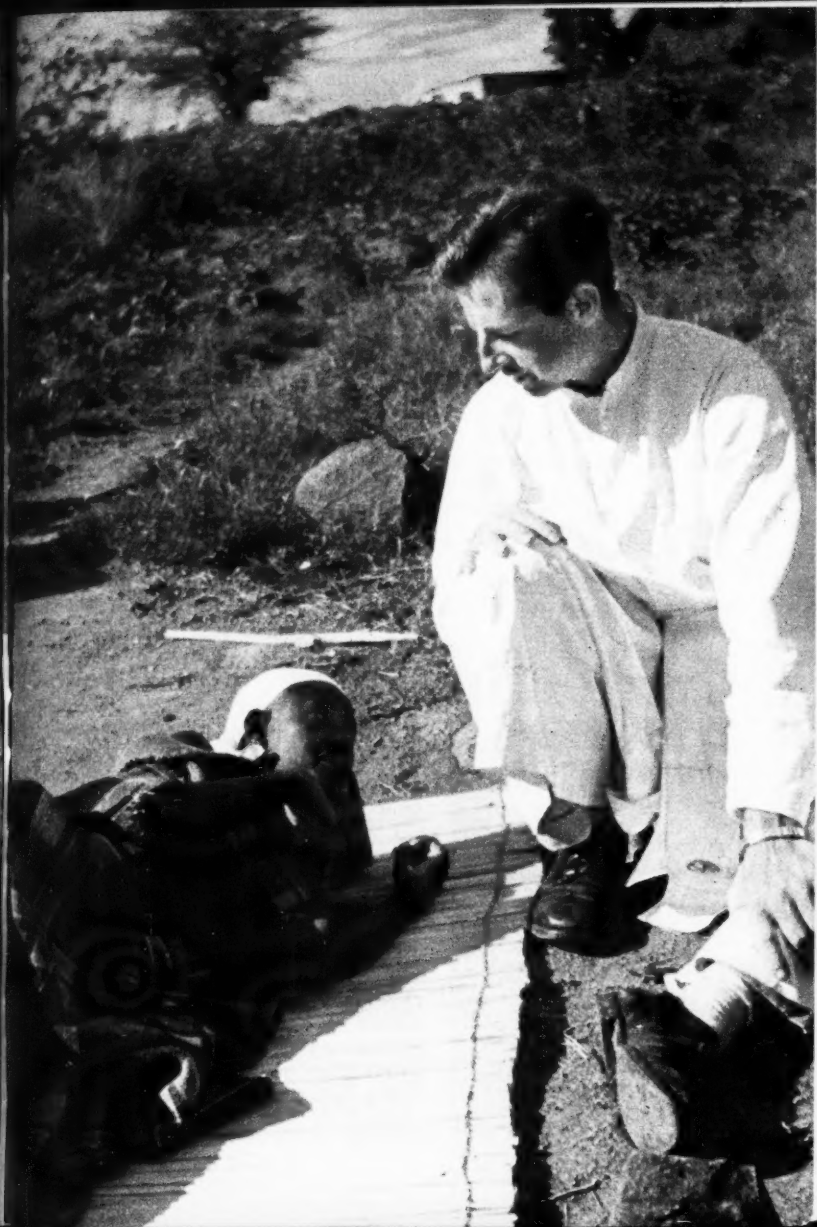
Father Schiff uses these encounters to learn what is developing in his parish. He makes contacts

that lead to future conversions. He identifies himself with his people and shows an interest in their problems.

Sociability is a highly developed African art, guided by rigid rules of politeness and protocol. While the African has not much of the goods of this world, he is willing to give of himself. Every African is a born politician with an innate flair for oratory. Conversation is his greatest relaxation. ■ ■



Brother Brian (above) finds language study fairly pleasant! The sick woman (opposite) welcomes the chance to speak with Father Francis Murray.





PEKING IN THE JUNGLE

**The British Ambassador could
not take any more coincidence.**

BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

■ THE BRITISH Ambassador to Bolivia came down to visit us jungle people and amused us with stories culled from a long diplomatic life.

Once in Cochabamba, he had the use of a small auto that runs on the railroad tracks for the trip to La Paz. At the last minute the prefect and his wife, who was expecting, asked for a lift to an intermediate stop. All waited around for the chauffeur. He finally showed up and started off as fast as the car would go, taking the curves at a terrifying speed. They tried to get him to slow down because the prefect's wife might have her baby any minute.

MARYKNOLL

When the chauffeur wouldn't listen to reason, the Ambassador grabbed the only thing available — a long string of Bermuda onions — and began beating the chauffeur over the head! This so enraged the driver that he stopped the car and wanted the Ambassador to get out and fight, claiming the Ambassador had insulted him in front of the prefect. They reached La Paz safely but it was a long terrifying ride.

While he was here, the Ambassador accompanied Father Tom Collins on his weekly trip upriver to Las Piedras. While Father Collins was busy the Ambassador went for a walk on a jungle path with a young fellow. At one point, he wished to continue on but his guide refused.

"Why not?" asked the Ambassador.

"Because this path goes to Peking," said his guide, pointing towards the next settlement upriver.

The Ambassador laughed. He turned back, admitting he did not want to walk to Peking since he had spent many years in the Chinese capital.

That afternoon the Ambassador and Father Collins were walking along the same path and he was telling Father Collins about "walking to Peking." Then they looked up. Coming towards them out of the jungle was a perfect Manchu type, a Chinese. He was the image of the former Chinese Emperor. From Peking, of course!

This was too much for the Ambassador. He doubled over with laughter, and had a great time telling us about it that night. He will

have enough stories to last a long time after his visit here.

Sisters Rose Immaculata and Genevieve Terese, with the help of lay teachers, spent a long time preparing the operetta "Hansel and Gretel." Came the day when it was ready for production and we put up an outside stage, wired it for lights covered with cellophane. We rigged a microphone so everyone could hear the dialogue and songs. We painted beautiful scenery on the stage settings. Even though the operetta was put on in the jungle, it looked like a Broadway production.

Two afternoon performances went off well, with only the usual crises. In getting ready for a big evening performance I tested the generator to be sure the lights were working. It ran beautifully but gave off no current. I jumped in the jeep and roared off to try and find Alberto, the only technician.

He is elusive. I stopped at Carmen Parish to ask if they had seen him. As I pulled up in front of the rectory, Fathers O'Neill and Valladon came outside. They asked if I would take a sick call; their jeep wasn't available. A family wanted to rush their three-year-old girl to the hospital; she had fallen into a pool of water.

A boy got in the jeep and directed me to the house, which was by the river bank. We slipped and slid down a hill. I entered the house and—pandemonium! The tiny room held about 25 screaming people. It was blistering hot and there was not a breath of air.

I persuaded one man, who seemed normal, to put about half the crowd

out. The baby was nearly smothered in a heavy blanket. People were holding pans of glowing charcoal near her. I put the unconscious baby on a bed, and began giving artificial respiration in an effort to revive it.

The mother had gone away for a while and left baby in care of an older sister. She didn't pay too much attention. When the mother returned, baby sister was missing. They

searched and searched and finally found her in the bottom of a pool; apparently she had been under half an hour. The more I heard the more hopeless it seemed. But I continued with artificial respiration. After an hour I got one of the men to take my place and we worked for another half hour. Finally I had to tell the mother there was no hope. The family began screaming and weeping again.

I found Alberto and he repaired the generator.

The Government suddenly announced that schools would close three weeks ahead of schedule so we had graduation without examinations. Carmen Parish and San Jose had theirs together. Bishop Danehy presided, gave out diplomas, and reminded the children of their obligations as Catholics. One of the graduates did not come for her diploma. Sister found out later that the graduate had gone to the movies instead.

Recently, I made a trip to Lago

San Jose, and everything went well until we were leading our horses across the last arroyo. Rosalino's saddle loosened and fell off. The saddlebags full of medicine fell in the water. We spent the rest of the

afternoon spreading pills out to dry. The pills seemed all right except they were twice their normal size.

For the first time in a year I didn't have to sleep on the

ground at this outstation. My old bones don't fit well any more to irregularities in the ground. This time I tried a Bolivian bed — boards for springs, topped with a thick cotton mattress. Comfortable!

For a year they have been promising to build a thatched hut for the priest so I wouldn't have to sleep in an open shed. Every time I went, they had excuses. Recently, at a meeting of their rural union, they promised to do it. So I sent out nails, tools, boards. When I went there a week later, I found they had used the materials to build a union meeting hall.

Suddenly a year's patience ran out. Many nights of sleeping on the ground, with rain blowing in, had piled up. We had a very serious discussion that ought to get results. Bolivians don't understand until they see a fire in my eye and hear my Spanish gushing out. Then they say: "Oh, the Padre really means it this time. Guess we better do something."



Every Friday each Maryknoll priest says his Mass for you.

A week before Mission Sunday, we sent the Catholic Action boys to visit each home in the parish. They were instructed to explain the meaning of the collection at each house and to leave an envelope. In one way the canvass was spotty because some of the boys were working that day and not all the houses could be visited. In another way, however, the work was a bit too thorough.

On the day of the canvass, Father Fritz happened to go next door to say hello to the Robertsons. Mr. Robertson works on the rubber program and is connected with the United States Point 4 program. Father Fritz found Mrs. Robertson trying to understand the Mission Sunday collection, as it was being outlined in staccato Spanish, by one of the Catholic Action lads. Mrs. Robertson is new here and doesn't understand that much Spanish.

Father Fritz sent the boy on his way, saying he would explain in English. Then the Padre meekly told Mrs. Robertson — who is not a Catholic — that the lad had come to her house by mistake.

Mission Sunday came and the Robertsons sent a generous five dollars for the collection. That about trebled our collection at the current rate of exchange. For years to come

future pastors will be trying to figure out what secret we used to get such a big collection.

To make matters worse, several priests happened to be in town that day. They took the opportunity to call on the Robertsons and inspect the plantation. When we saw two groups go by the rectory towards the Robertson place Father Fritz said to me, "The Robertsons will think, 'Give five dollars to a Maryknoll Padre and the whole tribe will immediately descend upon you!'"

San Jose's new church is coming along. The walls are going up slowly under Father Fritz's able direction. So far the weather has been coming our way; the rains have held off. If that lasts for a few more weeks we will have the roof on. Then let the rainy season do its worst. We shall be prepared for it.

Building down here in Bolivia creates strange problems. One of the smaller ones is that we must hire about a third more workers than we need. That is the only way to be sure of having a full complement on the job every working day. If all of the men hired showed up every day construction would halt because they would be falling over each other, leaving little room in between for work. ■ ■

DETOUR

FATHER Albert Koenigsnecht reports that church mice aren't poor in Cerro Colorado, a farming village in Peru. Indians in this region dress a statue in the garments of the saint's work and era. Saint Isidore's statue is the pride and joy of Cerro Colorado. It is garbed as a gentleman farmer of the last century — white shirt, black bow tie, black suit and Prince Albert coat, topped off with a Panama hat. Church mice had a midnight snack on the pockets of the Prince Albert. The Indians patched up the statue's clothes as best they could and detoured the mice by leaving a supply of corn at the foot of the statue.

SHARE YOUR GOD



"She...laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn."

That was 2,000 years ago. We quote *last week's* letter from the Maryknoll Superior in Japan: "Matsuzaka is called the 'Moscow of Japan' because it is notorious for communism and vice. Last year we bought a dilapidated building. There were five baptized people in the city. Today 250 attend Sunday Mass but only 100 fit into the chapel. The ceiling is so low we cannot elevate the Host or chalice. If we can build an adequate chapel, we shall use the present building for an old folks' home."

When you read this page and wish to make a really splendid gift, you can hardly do better than provide \$15,000 for a combination chapel, old folks' home and rectory in Matsuzaka, which definitely needs to make room for Christ.

So much may well be beyond your means but a chapel is needed in Korea, and can be built for \$1,000; or a Hong Kong refugee church, in which thousands kneel on concrete, can be provided with pews for \$750. Or you can donate a complete outstation chapel in Musoma, Africa, by giving only \$100 for the material because the people will supply the labor.

Missioners who go overseas know that Christ must still look for room. At His season, we refer His needs to you.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Ainu Bear Festival

BY JOHN L. LAVIN, M.M.

■ THE BEAR is the trademark of Hokkaido, the Japanese island whose original settlers were Ainus.

Legend has it that while the great Ainu hero, Ona, was alive, a bear he had captured broke out of its cage and fled to a mountain cave, a rope collar still around its neck. Ona rushed into the cave and was startled to find there an old man, the man's wife and a youth with a rope around his neck.

The old man spoke: "I am the mountain god. I gave you my son who has unexpectedly returned to me. Take him back with you but return his spirit to me."

The young man turned into a bear and Ona led it back to the village. There he ceremoniously killed it, enabling its spirit to return to the mountain god.

This legend is the basis of the Ainu Bear Festival. Ainus come from great distances to participate in a bear festival. Everyone is in gay spirits. The men don crowns of braided wood shavings, ornamented with feathers or bear heads. They wear swords and other treasured weapons of a bygone era. They stroke their beards to indicate the solemnity of the occasion. They offer prayers and toast the bear with millet beer.

Ainu women, according to ancient

custom, are not allowed to take part in prayers. They sing and dance to entertain and bid the bear good-by. They cavort in a circle about the beast, clapping hands and wailing songs, alternately raising the left or right foot as they advance a few paces at a time.

The climax comes with the "liberation" of the bear's spirit. Formerly the best archer in the village would approach the bear cautiously and put an arrow through its heart. Nowadays a quick poison sends the "son" back to its "parents."

The dead bear is laid on a mat and given various presents, to the accompaniment of singing and general rejoicing. Ainus imagine that when the spirit of the bear returns to the land of the gods, it will assemble its friends and relations and hold a great banquet, during which the gifts given by Ainus will be displayed. This lavish outlay will persuade other bear spirits to visit Ainu land. Each bear spirit will show his gratitude to the Ainus who treat him well by placing them under his protection.

The flesh of the bear is then cooked and served to all who participate in the festival. During this meal there's lots of gaiety, and a storyteller relates the legends of the good old days.

■ ■

Closer Look at Paete

A water buffalo sets the pace.

BY JOHN W. LENNON, M.M.

■ THE PACE of Paete, in the Philippines, is the gait of a water buffalo as its proud owner leads it through town to the watering place, in hopes that everyone will notice how fortunate he is. He is not much different from an American with a new Buick.

The rice-planting months in Paete change miles of swamp into a carefully plotted series of rice paddies. It's too bad that rats will eat most of the rice crop. Paete's people believe that if they kill a rat the dead rat's family will come and take revenge on the humans. The result of this superstition is that Paete's rats are well fed.

Father Joseph Regan has visited every home in his new parish and has met many couples who have not been married by a priest. Much of this has been caused by the presence of the Aglipayan church in Paete; it confuses the people quite a bit. When there is a mixed marriage between a Catholic and an Aglipayan, the couple involved decide not to

offend either family, and have a judge witness the marriage. On one street Father found six out of ten couples living in invalid marriages. During one month he fixed up 31 marriages, an average of one a day.

Father Michael Hiegel started a catechism class for persons who have not made their First Communion. The enrollment started with forty but has jumped to seventy. The proportion of girls to boys is about equal, and most are over sixteen. Many of them work in Paete's shoe factories. They know little about their Faith.

Lay people run the actual classes, which are held every Sunday night. Father Hiegel has a pilot lesson with the leaders every Thursday evening, to prepare them to run the Sunday classes. The leader speaks for the first ten or fifteen minutes. Then the young people split up into groups of five or six for discussions. Each group has a trained leader so the discussions stay on the matter. If a group gets into difficulty there is





a priest they can consult, nearby.

Paete's Legion of Mary is active. Its members have been responsible for many marriage validations and for the return of many to the sacraments. In each group there are a few men or women who are remarkably zealous; these are great helps to the pastor.

The Maryknoll Fathers' school for the region had a little face-lifting, in the addition of a new classroom. The Maryknoll Sisters will staff this school beginning with this school-year. Three Sisters will be a welcome addition to the small faculty. Unpretentious though it is, this Maryknoll school is the training center for leaders of the future in this area.

Not even a hit-and-miss article on Paete would be complete without a few words about spiders. Everywhere I go I brush into spider webs or see spiders working industriously at the art they are famous for. Most common are big black spiders with legs three to four inches

long. When I am reading late at night, spiders climb quietly up the wall behind me and startle the wits out of me. Their bodies cast eerie shadows and seeing what causes the shadows is even more frightening than the grotesque shadows.

Black-and-yellow spiders prefer large openings like window frames or doorways. They make webs that are almost as heavy as lace curtains. They spin their webs in the form of a huge letter X. The finished products are decorative if my room has not been dusted for a couple of days.

The spider climax of Paete is the horde of tiny spiders that seem to get into everything everywhere. These may be the ones that do the biting. A spider bite is not like a mosquito bite which stings only a few minutes or a few hours. When a Paete spider bites he raises a large ugly looking welt on his victim's skin. The pins-and-needles effect of that welt, and the itching it causes, lasts for days and sometimes for weeks.



Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Pray and Work

Three years ago at General Electric in Schenectady a small group of us started reciting the rosary during our thirty-minute lunch period. We prayed for success of the idea so that employees and management would benefit by our recitation. Now we have had our third yearly Communion breakfast wherein top management and our union president sat at the same table. We have also received permission to use a park in the plant for our May devotions and daily recitation of the rosary. During the Westinghouse strike, we advanced the idea that management and union get together in prayer for a peaceful settlement. We received very congratulatory letters from the head of the AFL-CIO on our idea. Please pray that our different shop groups will keep up the practice of daily rosary.

WALTER T. RELZNAK

Fort Johnson, N. Y.

Appreciation

Thank you for the interesting article by Father McMonigal on his journey along the rivers in the Amazon region. It shows to what lengths the missionary goes to bring the grace of God to forgotten men. It is a wonderful tribute to the spirit of religion and to our fine American youth. God bless you.

JOHN CONAUGHTON

New York City

60

Eyewitness

I enjoyed reading the interview with Joe E. Brown, especially the part where he put on a show in a dismal swamp in New Guinea. That story was absolutely true because I was right up there with those guys. Our family has had the Maryknoll book sent to them since I was a kid and like it the way it is. Don't ever change it.

CHARLES J. BRENDEN

Pittsburgh

Backwards

Whenever I receive the magazine I do not act as one might expect, and that is to open the front cover. I do just the opposite. My reason is to first read the want ads, and then to see which one my pocketbook will be best able to stand.

EDWARD RICE

New York City

Interested

I was very much taken with your article on using radio to teach the backward peoples of South America. I am an electrical engineer and have long felt that we were not making sufficient use of modern techniques in behalf of religion. God inspired our wonderful inventions. Let's make full use of them to promote His glory.

ROBERT E. HOTCHKINS

Trenton, N. J.

MARYKNOLL

Reprimand

Shame on Maryknoll for such pictures of Our Lady. Don't tell me she has to conform to Hollywood standards, too! I can't imagine our Mother wearing such baubles. And where is the Baby? Did she put Him in a day nursery?

VERONICA

Cuba, Mo.

And Another

The disagreeable letter from "A Disgusted Woman" is a piece of inarticulate name calling. But despite her school-girl's language, Disgusted Woman has a point. There is an embarrassing lack of editorial taste. Witness the appalling "Father McGurkin is a cool dream" letter; article headlines composed of heart-rending saws and snatches of dialogue ("Without Faith You Just Can't Get Along" sounds like a popular song title), and so on.

JOHN BUMBOE

Chicago

Substitution

Enclosed you will find a check to assist you in your mission work. Within the very near future I am to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony. The enclosed check represents the sum which my fiancé would otherwise have expended on an engagement ring for me. It was our mutual desire to give this money as a spiritual offering for the needed graces to live our future lives in His light.

NAME WITHHELD

New York City

To the Point

Thank you for the invitation to another Maryknoll feast! The Students' Guide to your magazine is done that wonderful Maryknoll-wise way. My

DECEMBER, 1956

thirty-one subscribers include two little fourth-grade friends of mine who were not to be dissuaded by representations of reading difficulties. One just looooooves geography, and the other is going to be a missionary—"So I have to know about these countries, don't I, Sister?"

SISTER JULIA

Cincinnati

Sadness, Please

It took an ad run by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to remind me that children overseas still cry. Unfortunately pictures such as the one in the ad have disappeared from your magazine and have been replaced by a barrage of smiling faces. Maybe the pictures of life as it exists appeared sad to some, however they do a better job of opening the heart. It does not seem that the exclusive use of appalling pictures is any more appropriate than smiling faces. A realistic balance is what we Americans should witness.

WILLIAM R. ATKINS

Albuquerque

To the Defense

I am editor of our high school newspaper and I understand that there is always someone who has to find fault with stories written to the best ability of the staff. Your articles are written of truth and based on the works of mercy that the Maryknollers are doing. Can you tell me how someone can tear apart anything representing God and goodness?

BETTE NUSSBAUM

New City, N. Y.

Short but Sweet

I like Maryknoll. Honest.

BILLY CARROLL

Philadelphia

What ONE Priest Can Do!



FATHER HAROLD GESELBRACHT, OF CHICAGO, WAS AN OFFICER IN THE U.S. ARMY IN WORLD WAR I; 28 YEARS A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER IN MANCHURIA, CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES. ARRESTED TWICE, IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS TWICE, EXPELLED TWICE. HE BEGAN WORK ANEW IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

IN COLLEGE, FATHER GESELBRACHT MAJORED IN AGRICULTURE. ON THE MISSIONS HE WON PEOPLE BY TEACHING THEM FARMING, SHOE REPAIRING, CARPENTRY AND BY HIS DISPENSARIES. HE HAD TO STUDY 3 LANGUAGES, MANCHURIAN, CHINESE AND FILIPINO.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

12-6

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....

■ URGED on by friends, I took a leap in the dark and decided to establish a Legion of Mary here in Chang Hua, Formosa. To begin with, because of the tiny size of this parish, we had a hard time finding ten members. But what the group lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm. All of them wanted to do something big for Mary.

We started with lots of pep but that petered out. Those who had bubbled over with enthusiasm drifted away, reducing our membership to six. We had to scour the highways and byways for new members. We took in anyone who would join — wedding gown or no — but the work suffered.

The members, being new, were not too efficient; the president did not dare be strict in assigning the weekly stint of work. The president was changed three times in one year. We continued to hold weekly meetings although we were down to five members at one time — without any prospect of getting new ones until we could instruct and baptize more converts.

But we kept stumbling along, like a punch-drunk fighter who doesn't know when he's licked. Our membership climbed to ten — then we lost five good members. One joined the convent; two went to other missions to take jobs as paid catechists; two moved to distant cities. Our legion continued to drag its weary legs along the path of duty.

The treasurer is a Cantonese girl who cannot speak Taiwanese well nor can she count worth a cent. Her weekly report is always good for a laugh. When she finishes reading

The Limping Legion

BY MAURICE A. FEENEY, M.M.

her report no one understands what she has read. So the president and secretary invariably beckon to her with their fingers to pass over the report book for them to have a look-see.

The secretary does not know how to write very well. He took the job only after the president promised to help him write the necessary reports. The president is not a perfect member because he was baptized only a couple of months ago.

The vice president is a farmer, a man of deep faith and piety. These virtues will help him get to heaven but something more is needed to take charge of a Legion of Mary meeting — as we found out one night when the president failed to show up. Now the vice president's greatest fear is that the president may be absent again sometime.

But when we think of quitting, we remember that Mary is our spiritual mother. A mother often has a special love for a stumbling child. So our limping legion keeps going — saved by Mary's mother love. ■

W A N T



A D S

Look In Your Pocket Right Now. Do you find three cents? Do you know that those three pennies will buy one brick for a church in the Bolivian mountains? Some 15,000 bricks are needed to shore up the pillars and walls. A few dollars will buy a good number — 100 for only \$3.

The "Do-It-Yourself" Idea is old hat to the missionaries in Musoma, Africa. They're always doing things themselves — carpentry, plumbing, electrical work and masonry. With the proper tools they can do even better. For \$50, the tools needed at Musoma can be provided.

Be an Angel! Without stage, costumes or scenery, plays get mighty dull. Dramatics can have a profound influence on the actors as well as the audience. A mission in Central America needs \$250 to purchase the above items for their outdoor theater. Broadway actors call such sponsors their "angels."

How To Win Friends. A missionary in Guatemala does it by pulling defective teeth for his flock. He has a "pull" with those who require his dental skill — but he needs \$25 for dental supplies.

A Good Sign is one that directs you to the nearest Catholic church. A church in Kyoto, Japan, needs \$20 to pay for two outdoor signs. You do believe in advertising!

Prospecting is the missionary's job. Prospecting for converts; prospecting for friends. A missionary at Taipei, Formosa, requests \$90 to buy copies of St. Luke's Gospel and *True Principles of the Catholic Religion*, to pass out to interested Formosans. The prospects are there — will you help Padre interest them?

Sick Calls Are Not Planned. They occur at all hours and in out-of-the-way places. A missionary in Taichung, Formosa, needs a motorcycle. It's the fastest and cheapest means of transportation for sick calls. Will you start a fund to provide Father with a motorcycle? It costs \$400.

How Long Must They Stand? A chapel for refugees in Hong Kong needs sixteen pews. Attendance at Masses will be more prayerful when the Chinese have pews: \$10 each.

The Butcher and the Baker can provide work for the candlestick maker, if they will buy six candlesticks for the main altar of a church in the Philippines. But you don't HAVE to be a butcher or baker to qualify. You can donate the \$100 needed.

Up Hill and Down Dale, day or night, a missionary in Peru keeps his motorcycle rolling for a hundred purposes. It takes considerable gas and oil in a year to do this, and the Padre seeks your help. You can buy him a gallon of gas for 23 cents and a quart of oil for \$1



Who? What? When? Where?

What is Maryknoll? The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Who authorized Maryknoll? 1. The archbishops and bishops of the United States. 2. Pope St. Pius X on January 29, 1911.

Who founded Maryknoll? Two diocesan priests — Father James A. Walsh of Boston and Father Thomas Price of North Carolina.

Where is Maryknoll? The Major Seminary and Central administration are at Maryknoll, New York. Other seminaries and training houses are located from Massachusetts to California.

What does Maryknoll do? 1. Recruits young Americans for the priesthood and Brotherhood. 2. Trains them for the foreign mission service. 3. Sends them overseas. 4. Supports them in the field.

How big is Maryknoll? There are more than 700 young men in training, and more than 500 missionaries are working overseas, administering to 30,000,000 souls in twelve large mission areas.

Where in the world are the Maryknoll missions? In Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Formosa, the Philippines; in Hawaii, Mexico, Guatemala, Bolivia, Peru, Chile; and in Africa.

Who supports Maryknoll? American Catholics, Maryknoll has no money of its own. What we send to the missions comes from you.

How? By gifts of funds in six different ways:

1. **Memberships** costing \$1.00 a year, and including a subscription to our magazine, MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR. Such memberships account for a large share of our income.
2. **Sponsors** promise to pay \$1, \$5, \$10 or more monthly, to support a missionary in the field for one, five, ten or more days a month.
3. **Annuities** for those who wish to give their money to the missions, but must continue to receive an income from it to live on.
4. **Inheritance.** Funds from Catholics who remember us in their Wills account for an increasing amount for us as our work becomes more widely known.
5. **Memorials** are gifts for a specific purpose, as when a son gives money to pay for a student's room or an altar as a memorial for his mother.
6. **Burses.** A sum of money donated to Maryknoll to be invested, the interest of which supports a seminarian during his years of training.
7. **Student Aid** is money provided each month or once a year by those who can spare it, to finance the education for the missions of a young man unable to pay his own way.

For Wills: Our Legal Title

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

For further information on any point about Maryknoll write:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

People are Interesting!

Peter Ri
Trail blazer in Korea



1. While America fought her revolution Korea was a hermit kingdom; any foreigner caught was executed.



2. Korean scholars, seeking truth, came upon some Christian books and fell in love with the doctrine of Christ.



3. One of them, Peter Ri, went Peking; there he studied the Faith under Jesuits, became a Christian.



4. On his return he baptized the other scholars. Fired with zeal, new Christians made many converts.



5. The King tried to wipe out the new religion by making it a capital offense. Many Koreans died martyrs.



6. Over 4,000 Christians were waiting for the first missionaries entering Korea by a sewer, in disguise.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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Fo
stic

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